What to Sing to an Elevator: You Raise Me Up

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31347182.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	First Kiss, Crack, treated mildly seriously, Idiots in Love, Love Confessions, adam and nigel are excellent at meddling, Trapped In Elevator, Mischa Lecter Lives, Mentioned Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Plathianglass's Hannigram Crack Fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-17 Words: 2,089 Chapters: 1/1

What to Sing to an Elevator: You Raise Me Up

by orphan_account

Summary

Will and Hanni are trapped in an elevator, resulting in some truths, some shenanigans, and a kiss.

Prompt from Delia72: Will and Hannibal are stuck in an elevator. Hannibal is claustrophobic and starts to sob/cry/curse...

Follows the Matthew Brown incident, but pre-slash. Also AU where Hanni is friends with Nigel and Adam, and asks them to help him with, uh, Will.

I'm migrating all my crack fics, so you might have read this already.

Hannibal always preferred stairs to elevators. At first, Will thought it was an excuse to fit in extra exercise, since Hannibal quit swimming after the Matthew Brown incident. But this particular apartment building left them with only two options: the elevator, or the fire escape. And Will wasn't sure if even Hannibal posh-cafes-are-modeled-after-my-face Lecter could maintain his dignity climbing up one of those. So even though he knew he'd enjoy watching Hannibal's ass as he climbed up the fire escape, he decided to spare his totally-not-crush.

"Hannibal's the Chesapeake Ripper," Will sighed, fiddling with the dog-shaped puffer stickers on his Lisa Frank folder. Bev flicked his forehead. "Yeah, no shit, but you're also married to him."

"WHAT?!?"

"Aww, your denial's ADORABLE. You're friggin' blushing right now, Graham."

"If you agree that he's the Chesapeake Ripper, then we should CATCH him, Bev, not loiter around in a BAU morgue acting like we just heard that Mrs. Four-Last-Names from the high society pages of the Goddammit Daily News got married to Someone Famous-Last-Name the Fourth!" Bev, completely ignoring Will's frustration, sat him down on her swivel chair and petted his hair.

"Shhh... Graham Cracker, don't you get it? If we arrest your paramour, you're gonna be a not-so-hot mess, and Jack's gonna lose his shit on all of us as a result. Besides, the Chesapeake Ripper isn't easy money. I'd rather go home to my cat and her boyfriend than go on a wild goose chase that'll just lead us to motel rooms that definitely weren't ever used the whole night through, or to our deaths, which is probably better. So, you see? Two problems solved, just by letting your boyfriend do his shit.

"But hey, while we're at it, you know what would be better? If you two actually boned. Then maybe you'll be, uh... more... " She never got to finish that sentence, as Will stood up abruptly and snatched her coffee from the nearby gurney before storming out of the room.

"NOT MY FUCKING BOYFRIEND!"

"He WILL be your boyfriend, and you guys WILL be fucking!" Bev called, at his retreating back with a Post-It that said "Property of H. Lecter" stuck on it. "Nice work, Katz," she snickered.

Will hated to admit it, but Bev was right. He *had* named his new stray Mylimasis just to pretend that he was calling for Hannibal every time he said the dog's name. He listed his dogs as Lecter-Grahams in his vet's files. He made himself write a list of "Things I Hate about Hannibal Lecter", before realizing that a) the thoroughness of the list was just proof of his obsession, and b) that everything on the list was actually something he secretly loved about the insufferable snob.

And now, he was about to endure Seven Minutes of Not-Heaven in an elevator with said insufferable snob. Hannibal, clearly noticing Will's hesitation, reached out and touched his

shoulder. "Are you... "

"About to make out with you in an elevator? ABSOLUTELY NOT! Don't even think about it!"

A confused expression twitched across Hannibal's face, before something a shade stronger than the usual smugness returned. "I was merely about to ask if you shared my dislike of elevators, Will. I must admit that I am quite claustrophobic. However, since you brought up that topic... "

Will brought up a hand to Hannibal's chest, pressing him to the elevator's back wall. "JUST. SHUT. UP." As if he heard nothing, Hannibal simply blushed (*the nerve,* Will thought), and began to pant. His eyes widened as the elevator doors closed, and his lips parted ever so slightly. "I AM NOT ABOUT TO DRY HUMP YOU IN AN ELEVATOR!!!" Will shouted.

It was only when Hannibal slumped onto the ground and buried his head in his hands that Will realized that he was *actually right* -- he wasn't about to dry hump Hannibal in an elevator. "Shit. You really are claustrophobic."

"No... No... " Hannibal rocked himself back and forth, seemingly unaware of his surroundings. "No, Mischa... ." Dropping down beside him, Will eased Hannibal's head onto his shoulders. "Listen, I'm absolutely not cuddling with you right now, but is this because of what happened during the famine?"

"No, Will. I am loath to t-tell you this, but... that was merely one of those th-things you Americans call 'sob stories' that I... that I conjured up for my Johns Hopkins application." The elevator dinged, and Hannibal sprang to his feet. The doors didn't open. Hannibal pressed the "open doors" button on the control panel, but nothing happened -- even the "call for help" button seemed to yield no results. As Hannibal's breathing dissolved into short gasps again, Will stood behind him, pressing Hannibal's back to his chest, and grabbed his arms.

"Again, I'm totally not hugging you, but would you like to tell me what actually happened with Mischa?"

" She's fine," Hannibal managed to get out.

"Like, *fine* fine, or Miriam Lass-level 'fine'?"

"Sh-she became the monster -- i-in Florence," Hannibal stuttered, but with the ease of someone having a panic attack while telling another person that their brother moved to Beijing. "She vis... visited and-d brought me... brought me sausage and n-new knifffe."

"Wait. You're saying..."

"She took... family bus-business. Last year she... married Ch-Chiyoh, her childhood... sweetheart. They have-- they have Abigail becau-- adoption... I-I help... Doingggg very well." *Unholy shit. The return of Il Mostro. Mischa. ABIGAIL.*

"WHAT THE FUCK?! I THOUGHT ABI- you know what, fucker, we'll talk about that later." Will tightened his grip around Hannibal. "So why the hell were you saying her name just then, when panicking? I mean, she seems fine, by what I guess are Lecter standards." Hannibal nodded as frantically as his hands flapped. He began to hyperventilate, and tears dripped from his completely-unattractive-goddammit-don't-even-think-about-them cheekbones onto Will's hands.

"I... was locked. In... " A hiccup interrupted Hannibal's attempt at speech, and Will tried his best not to laugh. "Pantry. After I... I said Chiyoh and Misch-Mischa were weak... for-- because of one another." Another hiccup.

"What part of that did you find traumatizing?"

Hannibal let out a shaking sigh, and once more covered his eyes with his hands. "Th-they said... said one day a beautiful b-boy will make-- make me weak too. They said... he will hold me and --" He hiccuped again, and gave up speaking for a few moments, instead simply standing and breathing in Will's arms.

"-- and that I will *love* him. That I-I would do *any*thing for him." Will finally allowed himself to howl in laughter.

"The Chesapeake Ripper's afraid of *loving*. You realize that love is supposed to be nice, yeah? Most people *want* it. But hey, if it makes you feel any better, I honestly don't think you have to worry. You're far too snobbish to be lovable. Your suits pretty much guarantee that you're not cuddly, not that I've ever thought about that. And your eyes and your lips and your cheekbones are just too *stupid* for anyone to ever want you like that.

"So you have nothing to fear, Hannibal. Unless the FBI finally gets you." At this, Hannibal finally lost it. Breaking from Will's embrace, he slammed his head into the elevator doors, and let out a string of foreign curses, at least half of which meant something like "woe is me" or "defies-the-laws-of-biology Mother of God".

Just when Will was about to try comforting Hannibal by telling him that, if *he* didn't love Hannibal, then no one would, and that he definitely didn't love Hannibal, a loud banging sound came from above. ("I only love seeing him laugh because it makes him look stupid and I find that funny," Will reminded himself).

"NIGEL!" Hannibal shouted. *The fuck?*

"Yeah, fucker, give me a moment, yeah? Have the lil husband hold you or some shit while I fix this fucking shit. Adam's making fucking macaroni and cheese if that precious thing of yours isn't as fucking posh as you are, bitch."

"WHOEVER YOU ARE, HE IS NOT MY HUSBAND!" Sure, they were here to obtain fake passports in order to run away together, but they weren't *like that.* Absolutely not.

"Hannibal, you're late. You're usually never late. But if this is the person at whom you wanted to ask Nigel and I abou-" Before Adam could embarrass him further, Hannibal

pushed his way into the apartment, trying not to gag at the smell of prepackaged mac and cheese.

Quickly, Nigel whisked Will into the bedroom. "You're one of those law enforcement screwers, yeah? So you probably know stuff about this shit," he said, opening a drawer filled with wads of cash and passports.

"What was Adam about to say out there?" Nigel beamed. "Now that's the fucking nonsense we're actually here to discuss." He patted Will's back, and guided him towards the door until his ear was pressed against it.

"... so you see, Adam, he did hold me when I was suffering from a panic attack in the elevator."

"That sounds very nice. Nigel does that for me, and he loves me very much. What's the problem, then?"

"The problem, Adam, is that I told him the reason -- *loving* -- " Hannibal winced. "And he thought I was afraid of love itself. He told me that I would never be loved."

"Oh." Adam gasped. *That's right,* Will thought, though his heart clenched and the sudden desire to escape Nigel's grip and bring Hannibal into another embrace threatened to overpower him.

"But people don't always say what they mean, Hannibal. Maybe he's afraid of loving the same way you are. Maybe he's afraid that you won't love him back. Nigel says that if we accepted the possibility of being loved earlier, we would have gotten together much sooner, and I think he's right." Though Hannibal had stopped crying when they reached the Raki-Ibanescus' door, it sounded as if the tears started again.

"You little shit," Nigel whispered into Will's ear. "I saw the way you two fuckers look at each other. Even if you can't accept that..."

"Listen, I don't know who you are, and I don't want to. But Hannibal doesn't love me, and I don't love him. He's probably talking about someone else, which is none of my business. Now where are those passports?" Though Will's face and ears were red, Nigel only looked amused.

"Precisely the point, stupid prick, your aliases are married."

"WHAT THE F-- YOU KNOW WHAT, OKAY, FINE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CALL US HUSBANDS WHEN WE'RE NOT ON THE RUN." Nigel continued to ignore him. It seemed that, the more angry Will got, the wider Nigel's grin became.

After what seemed like an hour-long staring contest, Nigel's phone vibrated in his pocket. "It's time," he announced, before opening the door and shoving Will towards Hannibal. The looks they exchanged were practically besotted.

Doing his best to glare at Hannibal, Will licked his lips, refusing to be the first to speak.

"Adam seems to think that there is hope that you love me, Will, just as I love you," Hannibal said softly. A pang spread itself through Will's chest, and he tried not to close his eyes.

"I- I... don't."

"Then show me that you don't." A shaking hand touched Will's cheek, and all of his willpower seemed to drain out of him. He sighed. "I'm not... *kissing* you, Hannibal."

Hannibal smiled, brushing his thumb along Will's cheekbone. "Who said that I'm about to kiss you, Will? You made that connection all on your own. Perhaps I do not wish to kiss you." That was it, the last straw. Will grabbed the lapels of Hannibal's snobbish-fucking-designer-coat, and smashed him into Adam and Nigel's refrigerator, holding him tight against the cold surface.

"No, you're not about to kiss me, but I've had enough of your fucking teasing now that I know that you-- you *love* me. So I'm going to kiss you instead to shut your stupid smug mouth up."

"So they said in *Much Ado about Nothing.* 'Peace! I will stop your--'" As it turns out, Will really did have enough of that *shit.* Gripping Hannibal's face tightly with both hands, he brought their lips together, and bit hard on Hannibal's bottom lip -- *because he's an asshole, and the goddamn Chesapeake Ripper,* his mind supplied. *And I'm kissing him.*

The last thing they heard before making a beeline for the bedroom was the sound of Adam and Nigel snickering like grade-school kids planting Whoopie cushions everywhere before they -- wisely -- escaped the apartment. They didn't plan on returning home for a very long time.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!